



THE  
TRAVELS OF FANCY.  
A VISION.

*Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in  
vain.* Dr. YOUNG.

**I**N the visionary region of sleep, various scenes present themselves unrealized in our waking hours. Musing upon the different conditions of mankind, by mental powers were deluded by the enchantments of Morpheus: By this author of fancied bliss of mortals, I was transported to a plain which I traversed for many hours, when I met with

a venerable

THE YOUNG MORALIST

a venerable sage, who directed my steps to a city whose spires appeared over the horizon. When we approached it, we were interrupted by carriages on the road; and when we arrived at the gates of the city, we were highly entertained with the view of the inhabitants employed in different occupations. The sage said to my venerable guide, "Surely a grand spectacle is to be exhibited, when the potent monarch is soon to make his entry; therefore every one is engaged in making due preparation." "This is not so," replied he, "any remarkable day;" they are all busied in the common affairs of life. Labour is the destiny of the bulk of mankind; employment is necessary for the good of society. Few, very few, deserve to live in idleness or of leisure. Industry is the parent of wealth; it enriches the individual, and by degrees a stream of plenty circulates through every branch of the community. Having passed through the public streets, crowded with houses and shops, I came to an harbour containing a great number of different dimensions. At such a sight I was vastly surprized, and asked my guide what was the use of such fluctuating habits. The persons who belonged to them were all employed in the bee in diligence and agility.

He informed me that these vessels were intended to convey the peculiar produce of one region to another: thus the most